

# Dr. Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1907.

Since it is possible that our momentary departure from this life may depart, regulate every act and thought accordingly.—Marcus Aurelius.

## DOCTOR OR FANATIC?

An apparently ineradicable disposition on the part of the News Leader to regard "Wall Street" as a malignant personality that is being justly and beneficially chastised by President Roosevelt instead of the market place where values are determined by common consent of all the world has led our contemporary into a good deal of rhetorical nonsense. Nobody desired immunity for such moral misdeeds as Harriman's Alton deal, nor did any sane and honest citizen object to the uprooting of rebating and the enforcement of laws against illegal combinations of such manufacturers as the Standard Oil or Beef Trust. In pursuing these courses, therefore, President Roosevelt not only deserved but received the support and commendation of his fellow-citizens.

This, however, by no means terminated the President's activities, and it is because of those further unwise and indiscriminate fulminations against "malefactors of great wealth" that the violent panic arose which has received his name.

It was not as a doctor who scientifically uses anaesthetics to cut out a cancer, but as an Eastern fanatic, who, shrieking "there is no pain," lashes an obsessed mob of devotees, that President Roosevelt dealt with the financial weaknesses of the present condition.

If, as the Times-Dispatch and News Leader both believe, the fundamental structure of our business and agricultural and industrial life is honest and sound, what caused the runs on the New York banks, and what rendered the shares in the oldest and most conservative companies unsalable, except the impression, studiously produced on the public mind by President Roosevelt for the last eighteen months? That impression under his oratory and his actions, had become the utterly untrue conviction that everything was rotten and that nothing was safe. It was this sentiment that checked trade, destroyed values, and in thousands of cases brought ruin to innocent parties, both investors and workmen. And it is because President Roosevelt created that sentiment and wrought that ruin that he has gained the distinction of destroying fifty-fold more value than the earthquake did in San Francisco. San Francisco will be rebuilt and the values will doubtless return. But how about those who were forced to the wall at the bottom?

AN HONORABLE RECORD CLOSED.

In all altruistic work, so called, as in all other activities, it is the specialist who impresses his day and generation, and makes a record worthy to be remembered, and that will live after him. Such a man fixes his mind and heart upon some particular work for the public good, and bends his energies in that direction.

Years ago Major James H. Capers, of Richmond, determined that he could best serve his people by giving his spare time to the upbuilding of the public school system. He accepted a position on the Board of School Trustees, afterwards becoming its chairman, and from 1859 until the day of his death gave the community a continuous service in that capacity. And it was a service of ability, of fidelity, and of love. Under his direction several new school buildings were erected, always within the appropriation and never a whisper of graft. And finally, under his leadership, the new High School building was provided for, the site purchased, and the plans drawn and adopted. In the providence of God it was not permitted to him to see the completion of the building in which he took such manly pride, but it was a monument to his zeal and devotion, and it will not be complete until its walls shall have been adorned with an appropriate tablet to his memory.

Under his leadership the whole system of public schools has progressed and prospered, and it is a well-merited tribute that on the day of his funeral the schools should be closed as a mark of respect and affection.

Major Capers was not a rich man, and he left no legacy in money to the city, but he left what is far better—the record of a valuable and unselfish public service. Moreover, he impressed his personality upon the thousands of children with whom he came in contact

from year to year, and by his words of counsel and by his example pointed them to the higher life.

He served his State as gallantly in peace as he had served in war. He served his church as a true disciple of Christ, and he set an example in good manners and cheerfulness which was not the least of his public benefactions.

Altogether he was a citizen of whom we were all justly proud, and his untimely death is a public sorrow and a public loss.

## THE CONTEST IN THE NINTH.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of Democrats in the Ninth District to defer until November, 1908, the special election to choose a successor to the late Congressman Slemph. But as there is a fierce row in the Republican camp, we should think the present crisis a fine Democratic opportunity. Mr. D. F. Bailey, of Bristol, made a speech at Abingdon yesterday against the "Slemph-Summers political combine," as he called it, and asked his hearers "whether or not the great Republican Party of the district should be controlled by the Star Chamber process of a clique of officeholders." Mr. Bailey is a candidate for the nomination.

The other avowed candidates are J. W. McGavock, of Wythe; L. P. Summers, of Washington, and J. C. Noel, of Lee; but all are willing, we understand, to retire in favor of Bascom Slemph if he desires to run. It is this combine that Mr. Bailey is fighting, and if the party should split into factions Democratic success would be assured.

But the Democrats in the district understand the situation and know their own affairs better than outsiders, and The Times-Dispatch is willing to leave it to their judgment as to what course is wisest in this case.

Richmond "did herself proud" in entertaining the Episcopal Convention. This is not unusual though, for our capital city knows just how to treat visitors, which fact accounts for the large number of conventions, etc., which meet there.—Scottsville Enterprise.

These very pretty speeches about the hospitality of Richmond are most agreeable. Richmond's hospitality and her machinery for entertaining large conventions are among her most valuable assets.

Saying nothing further of our natural-finished Albemarle pippins, whose pomological eminence is everywhere conceded, we will now content ourselves with adding that the baked-apples-and-cream of old Virginia are eight times as toothsome as the baked apples of her nearest competing State, and 331 times as toothsome as the baked apples of Texas.

Now a Bon Air correspondent is kicking because we buried the Limerick editor there. The unhappy fellow seems as unable to find any rest in the next world as he was in this one. However, we have no notice of Bon Air that we resolutely decline to resurrect him.

As far as all that goes, more smiling Royal Richmonders lay down certified four-figure checks at the receiving teller's window every morning than there are bank-runs in Nutty New York in seven panics.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish says that "it is expensive to be rich," and that "the rich are always looking for a way out." Mr. Stuyvesant Fish says that "it is expensive to be rich," and that "the rich are always looking for a way out."

Mr. Roosevelt's admission that he "surged on the light" has come as a surprise to many persons. The affair had begun to look strikingly like one of the things that Loeb did.

It is true that the President has paid a splendid tribute to "possum and taters," but fact remains that Mr. Erastus Johnson, of the Jackson Ward Johnstons, said it first.

Mr. Roosevelt is surprisingly slow in assigning Senator Jonathan Bourne, the renowned third-term boomerang, to the managing editorship of the Congressional Record for 1908.

The heavy rains and dark, gloomy skies of Sunday and Monday make it too sadly evident that the weather man has spent his limerick money.

Of course that father of forty children down in Texas ought not to be knocked too hard. He couldn't help their being Texas children.

Eighty per cent. of the human family is sane. Twenty per cent. think William Washington a perfectly lovely place for a honeymoon.

Cortelyou, who used to approach the "interests" to "take out," as Al. Weber was wont to term it, now calls to "put in."

Nevertheless, we again boldly defy Lieutenant Lahm, or any other kindred spirit, to go as high as the cost of living.

Taft tells the Manilans that he may visit them again in 1909 "as a private citizen." He ought to know.

The mischief of it is that if the national convention goes to Chicago, it may never come back.

Invitation to Grand Camp for Peace for Confederate Choir.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir, I am sure The Times-Dispatch always desires to be fair, although it may not approve of the Confederate Camp. Had no invitation in to-day's issue is unfair to the Confederate choir, this organization of ladies and gentlemen has not been, nor is it the purpose of the body to be any expense or burden to anybody at any time or anywhere. The choir has been invited to the Norfolk reunion for the Grand Camp without expense to the choir. The choir has been invited to the Norfolk reunion for the Grand Camp without expense to the choir. The choir has been invited to the Norfolk reunion for the Grand Camp without expense to the choir.

You are unjust in saying "They paraded with triumphant banners." After the adjournment of the Grand camp on Thursday the Confederate choir left the hall in a body to go to the Virginia Club for lunch, where they had been invited as guests of Captain and Mrs. E. V. White, and they did not parade in the hall. You allege, "Very respectfully,"

WILLIAM H. STEWART.  
 Portsmouth, Va., October 28, 1907.

## Rhymes for To-Day.

ON THE ANALOGY OF JACK'S.  
 I HAVE one's calling-card breathe cheer,  
 And speak a city's fame—  
 "The grand, and so I envy, dear,  
 Jack London his rare name."

Oh, yes—I've known some others, too,  
 Whose names were far from bum:  
 Let's see—ah, one's well known to you—  
 Sam Paris, father's chum.

And then, I mentioned just last week  
 That I used to know,  
 Though now we pass and never speak—  
 I mean Bill Oswego.

Ah, how those names float back to me  
 On memory, like a cork!  
 Right now my mind's eye seems to see  
 Dear Fred and Jim New York—

And Tom Atlanta's there—by Heck,  
 His was a name to please!  
 And Ed and Kenneth Kennebec  
 And Bud Los Angeles.

All these I've known and loved, it's true,  
 And envied them their luck—  
 But, ah, the best I ever knew  
 Was Katie Keokuk!

H. S. H.

Complaint from a Limericker.  
 Do you call it exactly fair  
 To so healthful a place as Bon Air  
 To prize to assign "What we let  
 To the talent there shined—  
 Then bury your editor there?"

H. T. COCKE.

Bon Air, Va.

MERELY JOKING.

Easy on Them.

A Chicago lawyer told about a case that was tried in a backwoods court. One of the lawyers retained was an Eastern man, new to the country.

"Does your Honor wish to charge the jury," asked the legal light, when all evidence was in.

"No, I guess not," replied the judge. "I never charge 'em anything. These fellows don't know natural law, and we let 'em have all they can make!"—Harper's Week.

Not in It With Boston.

A Bostonian died, and when he arrived at St. Peter's gate, he was asked the usual question: "What is your name and where do you come from?"

"I come from Boston," said the deceased. "You may come from Boston," said St. Peter, "but I know you won't like it!"—Christian Register.

The Reason.

Wife: "Whenever I sing the dogs howl." Husband: "The instinct of imitation, my dear."—Magdorett Blatter.

Hard on Chamberlain.

Joseph Chamberlain was the guest of honor at a dinner in an important city, the mayor presided, and when coffee was being served, the mayor leaned over and touched the ear of a certain lady, who let her people enjoy themselves a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"—Christian Register.

Not the Same.

"Did you and your wife do much rowing at the summer?" "That is the difference," it is pronounced different.—Houston Post.

Sensible Woman.

"Does your wife assist you in your work?" queried the horse reporter. "I see her at your desk often." "Yes," replied the self-confessed humorist. "She destroys all my wife and mother-in-law jokes."—Chicago Daily News.

A Good Shot.

Hoax: "So young Goldrox has taken a wife. What was her maiden name?" Joak: "Her maiden name seems to have been to marry Goldrox, and she proved a usually good shot for a woman."—Tit-Bite.

THAT PIE CONTROVERSY.

Mcgonaghe Man From Texas Advances Pledge.

The Post has been indulging what now seems a vain hope that it would not be hectored and lambasted into discussing the pie question, but there is a bunch of newspapers determined that the pie question shall not be respected. As early as last spring we detected trouble in the pie question, and up to this time have strenuously avoided it. We even went so far as to steer the Austin Statesman into the controversy so that we might have an opportunity to yield the floor in order that the world might behold its intrepid defense of a most sacred Texas institution.

Disappointment has been the reward of all such efforts. So far from defending the Texas pie, the Austin Statesman editor undertakes the affair to be a pie-eating contest, and he entered the arena with a demand for more until he has consumed a large portion of a large consumption of seventeen pumpkin pies, which, of course, carries with it the pumpkin pie championship of the country.

The sum total of the Statesman's defense and circumstances now compel us to butt in.

Of pure pity we refrained from noticing The Richmond Times-Dispatch's banter on the pie question. In days gone by Richmond might have boasted some prestige as a pie center, but ever since the Trigg Company there commenced to use the Richmond pastry for armor on the warship but there we have left that Richmond should, out of a sense of humiliation and lost prestige, keep quiet.

It was foolish of Explorer Cook to go to the trouble of finding a new route to the North Pole, when the old one was practically as good as new.

Of course that father of forty children down in Texas ought not to be knocked too hard. He couldn't help their being Texas children.

Eighty per cent. of the human family is sane. Twenty per cent. think William Washington a perfectly lovely place for a honeymoon.

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## IMAGINATION

is a valuable asset when it is healthy, but when you are constipated you can't think clearly.

Take 1/2 Glass Eucalypti Jalap Water Before breakfast.

Unequalled for Constipation.

A NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER.

Bottled at the Springs.

Avoid substitutes.

## AMUSEMENTS

Academy—Dark. "Hattie's Superbia." Idlewood—Skating rink.

Grace George's Triumph.

Miss Grace George has at last realized the dearest wish of her husband, William A. Brady, for as Cyrienne, in Victorien Sardou's "Divorçons," she takes her place with the foremost of American stars. And this, too, after many misgivings and doubts that she would ever reach that proud distinction.

It has been up-hill work for this clever little actress, but she has at last reached the summit of her ambition. Those who witnessed her performance at the Academy last night could be of but one opinion—that Miss George has achieved a distinct triumph.

Sardou's subtle comedy, "Divorçons," has been used more or less for the past quarter of a century, in many forms. In the adaptation of Margaret Mayo, in which it was presented last night, much of the original has been lost, but the play is never so good as in "Frenchy," and that makes a portion of the audience a little uneasy as to just what will happen next.

But nothing very bad happens, to the great relief of many, and perhaps to the disappointment of a very few. The place is admirably handled by the excellent company. In the hands of blundering players it might border very closely upon the vulgar, but happily there are no blunders in the cast.

Miss Grace George, as the young wife, a revelation. She is so buoyant in spirit, so cheerful, and yet so womanly, combining the two in a rare manner; she is so ingeniously charming in her way; so prettily piquant, so carelessly frivolous, so saucily pouting, so obstinately wilful, so altogether lovely, in spite of every other quality, that none but a devotee of her faults, and love her all the more for them.

The new leather upholstered chairs were in position last night, and added much to the appearance of the lower floor, as well as to the comfort of the patrons who occupied that portion of the house. The ushers found little trouble with the new arrangements.

"Superba" at the Bijou.

Hanlon's old, but ever new, pantomimic spectacle, "Superba," was presented at the Bijou last night.

"Superba" has been many years before the public, but the artifice of the stage are always providing new mechanical effects, electrical devices and trick scenery, so that the piece bobs up every year in a new form.

"Superba" is full of surprises, and the audience at the Bijou last night seemed to enjoy each immensely. There are very few productions on the road like this one, and therefore its advent each year is much enjoyed. The production proved altogether pleasing at the Bijou last night, and the patrons of the house warmly welcomed its return, and will no doubt give it as hearty a reception all the week.

At Skating Rink.

The skating rink at Idlewood continues to enjoy the patronage of a large portion of Richmond's amusement seekers. The new skaters with the other attractions found at Idlewood, have met with so much favor that every session finds a large crowd sliding over the floor or looking on at the always interesting pictures.

"The Bandit King," one of the best moving pictures ever shown here, depicts in a thrilling manner the hold-up of the stage coach, the bank robbery, the chase of the bandits and the final extermination of the robbers.

The floor of the big rink in the horse show building will soon be in shape for skating.

A colored man named Holmes, living in Henrico county, was painfully hurt by a bolt which fell from the top of a joint some distance above him, and struck him on the head. The wound was small, but quite severe, and Dr. Hinchman, who was summoned on the case, had to take several stitches.

Colored Man Hurt at Locomotive Works.

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## SOCIAL and PERSONAL

URING a visit she is paying to a friend in Danville, Va., Miss Katherine Hoge, who was a popular debutante of last season in Richmond, continues to be the guest of honor at many hand-some entertainments.

On Friday Mrs. George Pann was hostess of a 5 o'clock tea for Miss Hoge. Mrs. James Lipscomb, of South Boston, and Mrs. Henry Jeffers, of Philadelphia, poured the tea.